

The Journal of A NEGLECTED WIFE

by Mabel Herbert Urner

CHAPTER VIII.

October 25th.
Colonel and Mrs. Crompton, from Washington, are stopping at the Savoy. Last year, when Horace had the Sten-son's case in the Supreme Court, and was in Washington so often, several times I went with him and Mrs. Crompton entertained us at dinner, both at her home and at the Willard. This is the first opportunity we have had to return their hospitality, and now I must have them here at least once. But oh, how I dread it! I shrink so from the thought of trying to entertain now—to give a dinner—to make a pretense at gaiety when my heart is break-ling! But if it must be done I am an-xious to have it over, so I have invited them for Tuesday. I feel that it might be easier to have some one else, so I have asked Mr. and Mrs. Duffield.

I talked with Horace about it this morning, and he has promised to come home early Tuesday and help receive them. I am going to engage a caterer to prepare and serve the dinner. I haven't the heart to look after it myself, and Mary could not do it alone. Oh, how difficult everything seems now—how everything weighs upon me. Al-ways before I have taken such keen pleasure in planning and arranging a dinner at home. But now—what does my home mean to me now?

October 27th.
Horace misunderstood me; he thought the dinner was for Thursday, not Tues-day. When I asked him this morning to be sure not to forget to come home early, so that he would have time to dress before they came, he looked up startled. "Why, it isn't tonight? You said Thursday." As I had not even considered Thursday, I don't see how he could have made the mistake. He seemed much worried, said he was not sure that he could come early this evening. I almost cried in my anxiety. I said that he must—that I couldn't re-lieve those people alone. All I could make him say was: "I will try to come. I misunderstood the day, and I have made other arrangements, but I will come if I can."

"But if you can't come early, you will at least come in time for dinner?" I persisted, excitedly.

"I will if I can, Mary; I told you that."

It took all my self-control to keep from crying out—from demanding why he could not come—from letting go all the accusations and denunciations I have held back for so long.

When he had gone I threw myself on the couch, weak and trembling with the effort of self-restraint. But I knew I must not give way—I must keep up for tonight. It is too late to stop the dinner now, and before those guests I must be smiling and self-contained. They must not know—they must not see. . . . If he does not come I must be prepared to make excuses—easy, graceful excuses!

Midnight.
The dinner is over—and he did not come. He has not come yet. At 8—just as we were going into the dining-room, he telephoned. Said he was very sorry, but that it would be impossible for him to get here. And then he said good-by and rang off before I had time to ask any questions or make any protest. I do not even know where he was when he telephoned. After that I went through the dinner as best I could, but I feel that it was a failure—a pitiful failure. In spite of my attempted gaiety and my carefully careless ex-cuses for Horace, I know they felt something was wrong. There was a forced, constrained atmosphere through-out the whole evening. And what hurt me most was their attempts to help—their pretense that they did not see. I pre-sume I ought to be grateful, but it is hard to be pitied. They left early; for that I was grateful.

I am writing this hoping it will calm me—that the mere effort of writing will take away some of this feverish bit-terness. For I am afraid—afraid that when he comes I shall lose all my self-control, and that at last I shall speak—cry out all that I have been silent about for so long. For I know that he is with her—nothing else would have kept him away. It is for her that he let me go through this alone.

November 1st.
I have spoken. Am I glad or sorry? Has it made things better or worse? I don't know. I don't know. I still feel dazed.

It all happened that night—Tuesday night. I haven't written since—I couldn't. It was half-past one when he came home. I heard him go straight to his room. My door was open, the light shining out in the hall, and yet he made no effort to come in, to make any explanation. He went direct to his room. If he had only come to my door and made even a pretext at an excuse, I think I would not have spoken. But his quiet ignoring of it all maddened me beyond endurance. The strain of the dinner, the long, feverish wait for him—it had all gone to make me de-sperate. And now, with a feeling of utter recklessness—a recklessness such as I have never known before—I went to his room and knocked. The door opened; he stood there inquiringly.

"Why did you not come?"
"It was impossible." His eyes were coldly quiet.

"Why?"
"I told you, Mary that it was impos-sible."

"Why?" My lips and throat were dry.
"Listen, Mary. I am sorry you had to entertain at this dinner alone. I regret it very much. I told you that over the phone. I would have come if I could, but I could not. Now, I think you had better let the matter rest there."

"Where were you?"
"He did not answer."

"Where were you?" You must tell me where you were tonight!"
Still no answer.

"Do you mean that you won't answer me—that you won't even tell me where you have been?" I was frightened. I knew I should stop—that I was going too far—that I would only suffer more for this. But I knew, too, that I could not stop now—I knew I would go on and on. . . .

"Then you refuse to tell me where you have been?"
"I must refuse, Mary, to be catechized in this way. Will you let me say good-

night now?" He came toward the door as though to close it. That movement broke the last of my self-control.

"Then I will tell you where you have been. You were with another woman—the woman for whom you have neg-lected me for over a year! And you thought I didn't know—didn't know you were in the toils of some woman—a had, shameless woman—a common—"

"Mary!" He took a step toward me, his hands clenched, his face ghastly pale.
"Oh, I know you could kill me for saying that. I only wish you would! Don't you think I would welcome death instead of this life I have been living for months? But it shall not go on. You will promise me now that you will never see her again, or I will end it all tonight! Will you promise me that—will you? Will you promise never to see that—"

There was something in his face—something that—

"Then go to her—live with her—marry her if you will! I will never trouble you again! I will never trouble you again!"
A great red wave seemed before my eyes as I rushed down the hall into the bathroom and locked the door. The bottles—the bottles on the medicine-shelf! Glycerine, toilet water, bay rum—in a frenzied glance my eyes swept the labels. Was there nothing—nothing that would give oblivion—that would end it all forever?

The door was being fiercely shaken. "Open this door, Mary!" his voice came hoarsely from the outside. "Open it, or I will break it down!"

I must find something quick—quick—before he wrenched the door from its hinges. I knocked some bottles from the shelf as I frantically thrust them aside to get to those behind. Cam-phor, witch-hazel, glycerine—oh, was there nothing—nothing? Then back of them all shone the label "Laudanum—Poison!"

And then—my trembling fingers broke the cork. Half of it remained stuck in the neck of the bottle. He was throwing his whole weight upon the door now—in a moment it would come down. I tore the scarpin from my dress—it bent in the cork. Then I caught up a toothbrush and thrust the handle against the cork—it yielded. An-other thrust pushed it down in the bottle!

I raised it to my lips. . . . A deaf-ening crash. Glass fell shattering all around me. I stood paralyzed. Through the empty door frame, from which he had shivered the heavy ground glass, Horace's white face and dark, gleaming eyes were fixed upon me. Another second and he had reached through a blood-stained hand, unlocked the door, threw it open, jerked the bottle from me and hurled it to the floor. I heard it break and smelt the pungent odor of laudanum.

Then he half led, half carried me to the couch in my room. The blood from his cut hand had dripped down the front of my dress, and there was a large red stain on the lace of my sleeve. I gazed at it dully. At the moment I think I was incapable of any feeling. I heard him go back into the bathroom. He returned with a towel wrapped around his head. Neither of us had spoken. I was trem-bling, quivering all over. Not crying—I could not cry. He sat down beside the couch and laid his hand on my shoulder, as though to quiet me.

I closed my eyes, and slowly there stole over me a strange sense of quiet—of peace, like the calm of some strong narcotic. I know now the sensation Helen Chandler spoke of—the exhaustion that sometimes



"YOU WERE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN—THE WOMAN FOR WHOM YOU HAVE NEGLECTED ME FOR OVER A YEAR."

comes after a fierce passion has wrecked itself.

I don't know how long he stayed beside me, or how long it was before I slept. When I awoke it was dawn. A blanket had been laid over me, and I was alone. From under his door shone a strip of bright light—he was still awake.

No reference to that night has been made between us since. Only a bandaged hand and a bloodstained dress, carefully hid away, bear testimony to that night. The next morning I forced myself to go

down to breakfast. He was very pale, and his hand was thickly bandaged; but he said "Good morning" quietly, as though nothing had happened. During the day a glazier called to fix the bath-room door; evidently he had telephoned for one from his office. He made no mention of it to me. That night, when he came home to dinner, I saw that his hand had been dressed and skilfully bandaged. He had been to a surgeon, then. Was the cut deep? Can it be anything serious? But I dared not ask him. I can see that he has his handaged fresh every day. Does it pain him? My heart aches with pity and anxiety; but I can say nothing.

November 2d.
The relations of men and women can never remain stationary. They must either go forward or backward; there is no resting place, no height that can be permanently held."

Is that true, or was it written, as such things usually are, only for literary effect?

His love for her—has it yet reached the heights, that it must soon recede?

To what self-abbatement have I been subdued that I could write that last sen-tence—to imply that I was willing to wait for his love of her to wane that he might come back to me!

November 4th.
I remember long ago saying to Horace that I had no special talent. Art, music, literature, languages—I had a superficial aptitude for them all, but a real talent for none.

And he answered tenderly: "Sweetheart, you have the greatest of all talents—a wonderful talent for loving."

"A talent for loving?" Yes, I have had that, and the saddest part of all is that I have it still. "A talent for loving?" And I am a faded wife of 45, whose husband loves another woman. "A talent for lov-ing?" Horace, it is breaking my heart. Why did it not die within me when it ceased to give you pleasure?

"A talent for loving?" Oh, it did make you happy once, Horace. Have you for-gotten how often you held me in your arms, murmuring that no other woman in the world could love so dearly, so tender-ly, that no one else could have such quaint little ways of loving? Have you forgot-ten the "whispering kisses"—touching, oh, so softly your hair and eyes with my lips, or laying my head on your shoulder and just sweeping your neck with my eyelashes—a little purring caress all my own? And ah, so many tender, intimate love-ways—have you forgotten them, Horace? Have you forgotten them all?

And when you came home tired, fretted, and with a cruel headache, I would kneel by the couch beside you, with my lips pressed against your forehead, until my very love would draw away the pain. And you would fall asleep, often with your arm clasped close around me, and however cramped or numb I might be- come, I would still kneel there, not mov-ing for fear of waking you.

Will any other woman love you like that, Horace? Will any other woman give you so much? Oh, I am crying so I cannot see to write.

November 8th.
If our child had lived! To have had it with us every day, to know that life was there because we had loved! My child

and his—a constant living reminder of all that our love had meant, knowing that out of it had grown all the immortality that life can give. Could any one have ever come between us then?

November 6th.
I have been reading back through this Journal. Last April the 27th I wrote this: "Once he knows that I know, I would have to leave him. If there is in me any vestige of womanly pride, I could not con-tinue to live with him and tacitly consent to be daily dishonored."

And yet that is what I am doing now! I am still living with him, though now he knows that I know. And I have not the strength to go away!

November 7th.
I have become so nervous and unstrung lately that I dread even to go out on the streets alone. I day was almost half an hour trying to cross a crowded corner. Cars, cabs, trucks, recklessly driven au-tomobiles, and a crashing, deafening el-evated overhead—it all seemed to terrify me. I stood on the curb afraid to cross.

Early in December, 1900, Mr. Foxwell, a London stock broker, left his home at Thames Ditton to go to his business in the city and never returned. The aid of the police was sought; they made in-quiries and came to the conclusion that he went to America. As there was no reason whatever why he should have left

At last a policeman came and walked over beside me. When I reached home I was weak from strained, quivering nerves. And a year ago I could dart fearlessly across the most crowded street! I know that this strange, unreasoning fear I now have for the most trivial things is grow-ing upon me. When Horace came home I wanted to cry out to him to stay with me, to put his arms about me, to keep away this haunting fear. I believe I could only tell him—if he knew—he would try to help me—he would not let this grow upon me.

November 8th.
This morning I awoke with such a weight of despondency, of hopelessness, that I felt I could not meet another day. The mere thought of bathing, of dressing, of going through the necessary routine of the day, bore upon me as something too difficult of accomplishment.

The cold air from an open window was blowing on me, but to cross the room and put down the window seemed an effort that would take more initiative, more strength, more courage, than I had to give.

Did any one ever turn his face to the wall and say: "I am through. The burden of life is too heavy—I will never take it up again." And then lie there until death released them? And would the re-lieve come soon? This morning I felt if only I could lie there, that to me it would come very soon, for my body seemed too weak, too weary, to hold life within it much longer.

November 9th.
I spend hours lately planning meetings with her. Night after night I lie awake picturing what such an encounter would be like. Sometimes I think of meeting her on the street with him. What would

he do? Would he merely bow to me and pass on, or would he stop and speak? Would he introduce her—and how?

Never in all these years have I seen my husband with another woman. Could I pass on proudly serene, or would I break down in some emotional way?

Again, and again I picture scenes—ghastly scenes—in which I go to her apartment, and there confront them both. I have pictured him, white and stern, stepping to her side and saying: "Why have you come here? This is the woman I love—I shall never leave her."

Again, I have pictured him starting to come toward me, when he saw me at the door. And then she would come between us, throwing herself in his arms—keeping him from me.

The scenes are always different, but the apartment I see is always the same—a luxuriously furnished room with shaded lights and burning gas-lights. I always picture her there in a soft white house-gown, with Horace sitting near, reading aloud or bending over her, talking tenderly, earnestly.

Is her apartment anything like I picture it? The whole atmosphere of the room and many of its details seem so distinct. How strange such imaginings are!

And why do I always think of her as frail and delicate? Is it because I feel that is how her appeal to Horace would be strongest? Will I ever meet her? And will it be in any of these ways?

I know that with all my heart I hope such a meeting will never occur; it would only increase my suffering and degrada-tion a hundred-fold. And yet I am always planning, always picturing, always living it.

Why must I torture myself so? Why cannot I keep my mind from such things? (To be continued.)

Wonders of Crystal Gazing

ALL lands and all ages have their stories of crystal gazing—one of the most ancient and universal of the methods of necromancy. Recently there has been a sort of re-vival of the cult, and those who have seen Ethel Barrymore in "Her Sister" will recall the fortune telling scene where she uses the crystal ball. John Uri Lloyd also introduced a crystal-gazing episode into his novel, "Sitting down on the Pike," wherein the old negro, Cope, by means of a black mirror, makes Professor Samuel Drew see his past, present and future.

Captain John G. Burke, of the United States Army, in a monograph on one of the reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, states that the medicine men of the Apaches use crystals as a means of lo-cating lost or stolen property, especially black mirrors, makes Professor Samuel Drew see his past, present and future.

According to a reputable English occult magazine, a woman in a remote English village, while "seeing things" in a glass of clear water, for the amusement of some friends, saw some ships coming from distant fishing grounds. The next mail brought the account of the Russian fleet having fired on the British fishermen in the North Sea, a well-remembered episode of the late war between Japan and Rus-sia.

Early in December, 1900, Mr. Foxwell, a London stock broker, left his home at Thames Ditton to go to his business in the city and never returned. The aid of the police was sought; they made in-quiries and came to the conclusion that he went to America. As there was no reason whatever why he should have left

the country in a manner so mysterious, this conclusion failed to satisfy his friends. For weeks the mystery remained unsolved. Finally the wife called upon a crystal medium by the name of Van Bourg. The woman did not tell the medium who she was nor the object of her visit, except that she wanted him to look into the crystal for her. He did so, and the first thing he saw was the body of a man floating in the river. He described the man's appearance minutely, and Mrs. Foxwell declared that it was the body of her husband. Rapidly other pictures formed in the crystal—the house in which the Foxwells lived; a scene at Thames Ditton; the river and its grassy banks on either side, and the spot where the body was to be found, which the medium said was about one mile from the house, and he added that there appeared to be a bruise on the head. The medium said that the body would not be found until January 31 at about 5 P. M.—almost a month later. The body was found on that date at 4:30 P. M., at the exact place described, and was the wound on the head as seen in the crystal.

Remarkable also is the case reported as well authenticated of a traveler in Egypt, who stopped to have his fortune told by an Arab boy who has in his pos-session one of those magic crystals. The boy described a room in England in which an aide, named Mr. Dalton, and the woman was his mother. In due time the news came informing the traveler of the death of the aide. The boy's vision which the Arab boy saw in the crystal.

An incident is related in Lane's "Mod-ern Egyptians" on the authority of the British Consul-General, Mr. Dalrymple. Having reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, Mr. Dalrymple sent for a celebrated Magistrate magician called in a woman named Mrs. Dalrymple. The boy was a little ink, saying that he would cause to appear the exact image of the person who had committed the theft. The boy was then commanded to look steadfastly into the ink. The magi-cian then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms and spells, and various objects ap-pear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw these objects appear, and last of all, the image of the guilty per-son, whose station, countenance, and dress he minutely described. The de-scription was that of one of the laborers, who was thereupon arrested upon suspicion, and confessed that he was the thief—Kamsee Chy Star.

Moody's Magazine.

German railways are essentially mili-tary in their character. They are part of the scheme of national defense and aggression and an arm of the military power, dominated and controlled by the general staff as much as any part of the German military machine, and thus their commercial and economic charac-ter is only of secondary or incidental importance. The Germans are military mad, and everything they possess and everything they do takes on a military color. The result is that a considerable mileage since 1870-71 has been con-structed throughout the territory of the empire, but especially along the west-ern frontier, solely for strategic or military considerations, with almost no regard to the probability of a success-ful exploitation from a commercial point of view. For this reason a not incon-siderable part of the total mileage of the empire is more or less worthless from an American railway standpoint, having been built principally to facili-tate the rapid movement of troops in the event of war with France. Great and costly passenger stations have also been constructed at various junc-tion-points in the west, like Strasbourg, Frankfurt and Metz, out of all proportion to the actual traffic requirements of the cities which they serve, with train sheds and platforms inordinately long and broad, for the quick mobiliza-tion of the army. There is everywhere on the German railways evidences of a military operation, which is neither pleasant to the passenger nor conducive to the best results. It is an operation by martinet.

The Womenfolk.

Somerville (Mass.) Journal.
Pollie is the name.
Dainty, fresh and fair;
With the sun excluded,
It's delightful there.

Mollie is the hammock,
In a shady nook,
Quiet, cool, bewitching,
With a lovely book.

Dolly is the auto,
Whizzing up and down,
In the dull old town.

Mother's in the kitchen,
Doing all the work,
Some one has to do it,
Mother doesn't shrink.

WASHINGTON, D. C. SOCIETY GIRL GOES ON THE STAGE



MISS ALMYRA SESSIONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 21.—(Special.)—Miss Almyra Sessions is the society girl of Washington who has joined the Aborn Opera Co. at Washington and will appear the coming week as one of the sex-tette in "Florodora." Miss Sessions is a daughter of Mrs. Benjamin Reeves Russell, and made her debut in Washington society the past season. She appeared in a playlet written by Mrs. Barney and pre-sented for charity, and made such a hit that she was approached by managers with a proposition to go on the professional stage. In her second week with the Aborn Co. Miss Sessions was startled when the wardrobe woman handed her about six ounces of costume to be worn in "It Happened in Nordland." She promptly resigned. But immunity from tights was promised and she has rejoined the company.

WELL-KNOWN TITLED AMERICAN WOMAN.



LADY HESKETH.

Lady Hesketh is one of the well-known titled American women in London. She was Florence Emily, daughter of the late William Sharon, who was one of the "forty-niners" and at one time Senator from Nevada. Her husband, Sir Thomas Hesketh, is the seventh of his line.